

Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

THE RULING PASSION.

A tiny lot of only three,
Sweet as the dew the rose inhales,
Greeted as you my knee
The while I tell her the story
Unclouded is her pleased face
"No care," murmured I, "my life distress"
"Dear me," says she, "I wonder how
I'd better make my life's dress"

A fair young bride in queenly gown
Comes down the grand cathedral aisle;
And on her lips a satiny smile,
And in her heart a prayer—not so,
For truthfully we must confess
She's thinking this: "I'd like to know
What folks are saying of my dress"

A matron near the gates of death
With weeping children at her side,
All fearful that each fleeting breath
Will bear her soul across the tide,
She tries to speak I see the child
The kindly form that bends above
And with her dying breath she gasps:
"See that my shroud is ruled like mine"

If all the Scriptures say is true,
There'll be more women, late to one,
In that sweet by and by where you
And I may meet and life is done,
But all the joys designed to bless—
Bright crowns and harps with golden strings—
Won't please the women there unless
Each has the noblest pair of wings.

—Memphis Appeal.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since Charles Dickens wrote about the Savoy churchyard and the quiet precinct. "I think that on summer nights the dew falls here," he said, "the only dew that is shed in London, beyond the tears of the homeless." And these very words may be spoken of this spot to-day, so green and fresh is the grass and so beautiful are the trees. The place is unchanged, and the familiar figure of the chaplain, kind and loved by everybody, is still constantly seen in his old haunts. The surroundings are altered; "the simple dwelling houses, with their white doorways and green blinds," have been swept away; but the coales still "touch their son's" westers to him as he glides about, and the children's faces brighten at his greeting.

The churchyard was quiet and deserted when Olive ventured in and sat down to rest upon a seat under the trees. She was in perfect harmony with the fragrant lights and shadows; and the grave beneath the old gray walls, on which the record of centuries was written so legibly, yet without any sign of neglect or decay. The chapel, in its venerable strength, stood in the midst of all the scenes of life, and linked the present to the past. In that old church, the good and peaceful Father spoke loving words to those who sat within the walls, and crowded about the windows, and doors to get within reach of his voice. And there, too, he preached his last sermon to the wedding couple, who were members of his flock, and was carried out of his beloved sanctuary to die. There were no regrets for the dignities so lately bestowed upon him, no troubles about worldly things; but only "all humble thankfulness and submission to God's welcome providence."

Olive sat there and meditated, and saw the yellow leaves dropping slowly in the still sunshine. Watching them idly at first, she began, after a time, to wonder how the leaves had fallen when the sun and dew of spring; and all the freshness and fragrance of those earlier days came back to her with a sudden thrill, stirring her with emotions which she had believed to be dead and dead. How soon the autumn of her life had come! It was tranquil; it might be sweet; but the gladness of springtime is the one irrevocable joy that, in this world, can never be granted to us again.

She was no longer bitter and desolate, yet the sense of a lost youth (which comes often to those still young, than to the old) was too strong for her at this moment. Something arose in her throat; the tears filled her eyes, and she thought she would allow them to flow without restraint. They did flow and she did weep. Once flowing they would not stop, for thoughts and memories came crowding after them. Every scene in her brief experience seemed to be suddenly revived at this moment, and voices, long hushed, were calling to her from the past, and drowning all the sounds of the present. The habit of self-restraint, so constantly cultivated for the sake of others, was broken through at last.

When at length her bowed head was lifted, some one spoke to her in a calm tone that she had heard before. She looked up, started, and yet strangely quieted, and met the gaze of the speaker. It was Mr. Sidney, the chaplain.

"You are in trouble," said the quiet voice, with its penetrating sweetness. "You are in trouble, and you need help and comfort."

As he stood there, tall and of dignified bearing, she found courage to glance at him a second time. He was a man who looked as if he would stand alone with a single prop and stand

though he had a most benign face, it was an exponent of authority. While he was speaking Olive had dried her last tears, and she answered him with a gentle frankness that touched him.

"I have had sorrow, but it is over," he said. "I came here because the place is so still and restful; and then I began to cry unawares."

"You are looking tired," he was watching her narrowly, and read the signs of quiet patience in her beautiful young face. "Do you live far off?"

"Oh, no! I live with my uncle who is a bookseller close by. Last Sunday I came here for the first time. It was a surprise to come suddenly on this green spot; I had been longing for a sight of grass and trees, for I was born in the country."

The chaplain knew well enough that this steady life had been a refuge for many who were "born in the country." He had seen men and women come here to renew the youth of the spirit under these trees. There are few spots left about the heart and where old memories may live and grow.

Then he talked to Olive of the ancient churchyard and its history; and of other things; and she listened and wondered a little at her own perfect restraint in his presence. She would not have wondered, perhaps, had she realized that he had been directing people's lives for years, learning their griefs, and making himself fully acquainted with their hopes and fears and blunders. All sorts and conditions of men and women confided their affairs to him. He could have told how Tom and Sue in the court had got into the habit of knocking each other about the head and why Lord and Lady Hightower in Mayfair never spoke a word nowadays, when they chanced to be left alone together. He possessed the rare gift of unlocking hearts, and such a gift is only held by one who is a born director and spiritual guide of men.

Mr. Sidney had no mystical tendencies. His life was too busy; he took too intense an interest in the lives around him to have time for mystical thoughts. He believed strongly in the helping power of human agency and had all kinds of questions referred to him by all kinds of persons. He did not write books; he preferred to let people's hearts rather than on the shelves of their libraries. Even his sermons were rarely to be found in print. And in short he was not one of those who do not leave a great and good behind them. To do his work thoroughly while he lived here; to lift others out of the slough of despond and lead them with a firm hand up to those delectable mountains where his own soul rejoiced in pure air, this was his daily task.

Before Olive left the old churchyard the chaplain had learned her simple history, and was quietly devising plans for her future good. She went back to the Wakes with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day.

"Uncle," she said, "I have found a new friend; or, rather, he has found me. It is Mr. Sidney."

Samuel looked at her with a smile of infinite content. "I have been waiting," he answered. "I knew a fresh wind would blow into your life, but I did not know what quarter it would come from."

CHAPTER XIV.

SEAWARD AT STONE'S HOME.

"There is no reason why I should not bring her to see pictures," said the chaplain. "You say you can count upon Miss Villiers?"

"Most certainly," Seaward answered.

Adeline had seen Miss Windfield in the flower-shop, and does not wonder that I want to know more of her. There is not an atom of petty jealousy in Adeline's nature. Blue went back to the Wakes with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day.

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as she was starting for the town. The girl was singularly clever and beautiful, and actually found her way into the old lady's affections. When they returned she was no longer maid, but companion. And then Claud met her in the house in Curzon street, and straightway fell in love."

"They must have attracted Mrs. Villiers' notice," said the chaplain. "She is keen-sighted, I fancy."

"No, she was quite blind. Moreover her mind was steadily set on marrying Claud to Adeline, and she thought of nothing else. It was a pity that her eyes were not opened last night."

"But they were opened at last?"

"Yes; just when things had gone so far that it was a sin to interfere. Claud was passionately in love; and upon my word I believe that the girl was as good as gold. He had the hands published in a church that was never attended by anyone he knew, and everything was arranged between the pair. They were to steal off early on a Monday night, and on the preceding Sunday the plot was discovered."

"How?" asked the chaplain.

"I can hardly tell. It was the house-keeper who had set a watch, I think. Anyhow, Mrs. Villiers' eyes upon them in a storm of fury, and the companion was sent out of the house that very day. She thought, of course, poor girl, that her lover would keep his word at all costs, but she leaned upon a broken

reed. He did follow her, but it was only to bewail his own weakness and beg to be set free."

The chaplain's contempt was too strong to be put into words; and Seaward went on:

"He got his release, it seems, easily enough. The girl was as proud as an empress, too proud even to lead him with reproaches. She let him go in silence, and then vanished out of his life for her future good. Blue went back to the Wakes with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day."

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"I have not flattered her in the least," remarked Seaward, and then, without further comment, he carried the picture out of the light, and put it gently down in the corner once more. Only this time the face was not turned towards the wall.

"They went downstairs and parted somewhat gravely in the hall."

"On Saturday afternoon," the chaplain said, "I will bring Miss Windfield. He went out into London night, and Seaward returned to the fire-side and meditated, until the warmth and quietness drew him away into dreamland. In sleep he saw the fair face hovering near another, whose richer, darker beauty was always in his waking thoughts. And it seemed to him that the golden-haired woman looked at him with mute entreaty as if praying that the brown-eyed girl might have a happier fate than her own."

He woke up suddenly with two lines of an old song ringing in his ears, and then he remembered that the man whose name he had just been thinking of was where under the green grass of the old Savoy churchyard. He went up to his room with a firm step and a resolute heart, singing George Withers' well-known words in an undertone:

"I would die ere she should grieve."

Seaward Aylstone had gone regularly to the chapel on Sundays for years. He belonged to the crowd of deep thinkers and earnest workers who gathered round Mr. Sidney, and found rest and refreshment in his teaching. There was a freshness and quietness in the chaplain's sermons; his voice guided his hearers to the green pastures and still waters of life, and Seaward, who was an eager toiler, spending himself on his art, felt the good of this restful influence.

One day he saw Olive among the congregation and followed her, as he has seen, to her own door. Other Sundays came, and he saw her again and again, and he longed to speak to her and know her. And then he opened his mind to the chaplain.

Mr. Sidney already knew something of Samuel Wake, and had gone to the book-seller's house and talked to Olive in her own home. It did not surprise him that Seaward had fallen in love with this girl's face, for the face had a soul shining through it, and Seaward was not the man to linger over a lamp without a flame. Nor did it surprise him that Seaward should frankly ask for his help in the matter. He was accustomed, as we know, to give counsel to the perplexed, and aid to those who could get assistance from no other quarter. Moreover, he knew that a man's "heart" was in the head.

"In the heart or in the head?"

They work this way. The quartet stand at a corner waiting for a victim. They see him in the distance approaching. Two of the crooks walk ahead. The third is walking about of you, or are coming toward you, and separate to let you pass between them, don't pass. Take the middle of the street and be prepared to run.

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SANDBAGS NOT IN VOGUE.

The Modern Methods Used by Highwaymen in Robbing Victims.

"You hear a great deal about 'sand-bagging' just now," said a central station detective. "The sandbag is no longer used by a professional criminal; there are better ways of robbing a man than by knocking him over the head with a weapon which, if found on the possessor, would make it pretty hard for him to escape the rough hand of the law."

"The sandbag, anyhow, is an ancient weapon. If the pounding into insensibility is desired a 'billy' is far harder than a sandbag. Nowadays the crooks carry as few evidences of their calling as possible. A vast number of them go entirely unarmed. As for the highwaymen, many of them have never revolver nor 'billy' when pursuing their peculiar business."

"The old, old system of garroting is the favorite method in vogue, and this is favored with cunning modern details. The victim, instead of being pounded into insensibility and hurt so as to be permanently disabled, is left with a temporary feeling of distress, the safety of the highwayman is assured as it was under the old system. The modern highwaymen travel in twos, threes or fours. Usually they go in pairs. It is late at night we'll say. A street is almost deserted. A pedestrian hurries along. He sees ahead of him two men walking slowly, almost side by side. Perhaps they stagger a little, as if intoxicated. As the fellow in a hurry nears them they separate to let him pass between them. When they see this move you can gamble the fellow is a highwayman. As our friend passes between them the nearest him throws an arm deftly under his chin and the other, on his threat prevents any outcry. The other fellow punches him in the breast-belt. You know how a man feels when he's hit in the stomach. In a minute they have lifted his pockets, hands disappeared, and the victim, dazed and disoriented, is lying on the ground recovering from the shock."

"With an occasional variation to suit circumstances, this is the favorite method of the highwaymen. In fact, the plan of holding a revolver under a man's nose. Some still use the 'billy,' sneaking up to their victim from behind. But they are bunglers. If two men are walking about of you, or are coming toward you, and separate to let you pass between them, don't pass. Take the middle of the street and be prepared to run."

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HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

Cinnamon Cake: Take some bread dough when it is just ready to bake, work a half pound of lard or butter in it, cut, sprinkle well with granulated sugar, butter, and cinnamon.—Household Monthly.

Plain Omelet: Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately. Mix one small teaspoonful of flour with the milk. Mix all together, and add salt. Fry in a little hot butter, stirring until it becomes thick, then shake until a golden brown and fold. Parsley or ham can be added.—Detroit Free Press.

Mayonnaise Dressing: To the yolk of an egg, well beaten, add one saltspoonful of salt and a half saltspoonful of sugar and mustard; while beat, add slowly three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one of vinegar; beat together well. Beat the white of an egg and pour over the dressing.—N. Y. World.

Flashed Cold Meat: Take your bones and stew them in a little water with an onion, some salt and pepper, and if you like, a little savory herb; when the goodness is all out of the bones, and it tastes nice, thicken the gravy with a teaspoonful of corn starch, and if it is not very strong, put in a bit of butter, then place your stew-pan on the hot hearth and put in your slices of meat. Warm, but not boil, serve with toasted bread.—Boston Budget.

French Pancakes: Beat two eggs thoroughly, add to them two tablespoonfuls of butter beaten to a cream, stir in two ounces of sugar and two ounces of flour; when all are well mixed, add enough milk to make a batter; beat and stir well for a few minutes, put it on buttered plates, and bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes. When done, sprinkle with white sugar over them; they are very hot with a cut lemon. A lemon or two should be cut in halves and put in a small glass-dish so that those who like the flavor may squeeze a little of the juice over the pancakes and then return the lemon to the dish.—Housekeeper.

Satsuma Jugs: Satsuma jugs, or bowls of less expensive ware, are excellent for growing plants. They are very light and they will look well in the center of the table with these flowers growing in them. Cut flowers soon fade, but unless a hostess wishes her table to be decorated with them, she would better get the jugs for growing plants. She will be surprised at the amount of money saved. Faded flowers can be entirely restored to freshness by clipping the stems and putting them in hot water, away from the hearth. The hot water will shrivel up from the stem into the flower. Roses have been kept a week by this method.—Food.

Baked Lobster: Drain the lobster from the sauce, add one ounce of butter in a frying-pan; add the lobster meat and let it simmer for a few minutes, then add salt, pepper and a very small half pint of stock, or hot water; cook for ten minutes, then add a half pint of cream, an hour. Put in a saucepan half an ounce of butter and half an ounce of minced, fry brown, and add two sliced tomatoes, or half a cup of canned, then add a small amount of sugar, and a couple of tablespoons sauce. Cook fifteen minutes, add the liquor from the can of lobster, and in about five minutes add to the stewed lobster. Let all cook five minutes. Add a little lemon juice, and serve.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FASHIONABLE NOVELTIES.

New and Odd Articles Seen at the Jewellers.

The Cologne fannell is a welcome addition to the toilet table. Show-the class are in both silver and gold, and are even jeweled. Silver reflectors are intended for reading and sick-room candles. Silver-plated chalk-holders belong to well-equipped billiard rooms.

Macaroni forks are expressly designed to ensure the slippery edible. Special boxes of plain and repousse ware are designed to hold tooth powder.

Bottle tubes and sprinklers, biters and perfumery bottles are in two sizes. A bill may be more ornamental, but is no more welcome in the new bill clips.

Elevated railroad ticket cases come in cases made of all the pretty new leathers.

Gentlemen's belts are luxuriously made with buckles and chains of silver and gold.

Tobacco spoons for Roman punch and medicine ices are gold-lined and plated.

So humble an instrument as the knife for repressing the growth of corns has handles of ivory, pearl, shell and silver.

The arched camera is a new foreign find. The idea is that when the thief steals your purse, the purse will catch his features.

Heart-shaped purses of kid are introduced. These are of white kid, red kid with filigree gold, tan suede with bronze and gray suede with steel mountings.

All indications show that the feminine side is to be worn with a blazer is to prevail this summer. For these gold studs burnished in dull gold, and chased are required.

The young woman who is going to the country with her dog this summer finds a dog a necessity. The faceted whistle of gold mixed with platinum is the most business like.—Jewellers' Circular.

A WELL-BESTOWED GIFT.

The Little Irish Girl Who Won Uncle Sam's Prize.

Uncle Sam is more famed for sense and shrewdness than for more graceful qualities, but once in a while he does a pretty thing.

Ellis Island, N. Y., the magnificent new landing-station which now replaces the far-famed Castle Garden, where great many years thousands of wonderful and expectant immigrants have first set foot on the soil of "the Happy Land," was opened for use on the first day of the present year.

It had been arranged that the first immigrant to land there should be welcomed with a gift of ten dollars in gold.

The first vessel to send a load of immigrants ashore at the new station was the steamer Nevada. She lay in the harbor not far away, waiting a signal from the island.

When the flag on the tall flagstaff was dipped three times, a tug shot swiftly from the shadow of her great hull, and proceeded toward the wharf, and as it approached, a crowd of many guesses among those who knew of the waiting gold eagle as to the nationality, sex and age of the lucky person who would be the first to land.

With the officials were gathered a crowd of friends and relatives of expected passengers, and among the eager ones was a hard-working, industrious Irishman named Matthew Moore. He had come from the United States some time before with his wife, leaving his children behind in Ireland until he could earn a home for them. He had earned it and had sent for them. He was now coming by the Nevada.

Suddenly he cried out joyfully, "There's Annie!"

A bright little girl of fifteen—born, indeed, on the first of January fifteen years before she was born—came forward from the deck of the tug, and pressed forward with her two little brothers close to the railing as the vessel was moored to the wharf.

The group-placed, huddled, but a stout, middle-aged German, lowered to the eyes in shawls, thrust past her, and had set his foot upon it when he was caught back by a deck hand, who, with a touch of Irish gallantry, cried out, "Ladies first!" and pushed his little fellow countryman forward in the man's place. She sprang ashore, and was clasped in her father's arms.

As her foot touched the wharf, the vessel dropped up a rushing cheer. They gave the astonished little maiden three times three, and then, when her father released her, to hug the two little boys, a little of the joy of her parents, and her bewilderment and delight by laying in her hand a beautiful, shining gold eagle—a richer coin than she had ever dreamed of possessing. He told her that she was the first girl to present from Uncle Sam, and she told him that it was a birthday present, too. It was a pretty scene and a graceful act.—Youth's Companion.

One peculiarity in the library of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the clergyman and author, is a series of marked baskets filled with the names of the people who stepped up and completed their bewilderment and delight by laying in her hand a beautiful, shining gold eagle—a richer coin than she had ever dreamed of possessing.

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A PROFITABLE TALK.

Our Special Reporter Secures the Facts.

He Determined to Thoroughly Investigate a Subject That is Causing a Much. Has Succeeded.

[N. Y. Sun.]

Two days ago one of the most prominent professional men in New York published a letter so outspoken, so unusual as to cause extensive talk and awaken much comment. Yesterday I interviewed the gentleman as to the contents of the letter, and he fully confirmed it in every respect. He not only did this but he also mentioned a number of unusual cases which had come under his observation in which little less than a miracle had been performed.

So important has the entire subject become that I determined to investigate it to the bottom, and accordingly called upon Mr. Albert G. Evans, the prominent osteopath at No. 61 West Twelfth street, the gentleman mentioned in my interview with the doctor yesterday. Mr. Evans has made quite a name. A complete knowledge of his theory, an appreciation of art and reliability are essential in his profession.

"Mr. Evans," I said, "I learn that your wife has had a most unusual experience; are you willing to describe it?"

The gentleman thought a moment and an expression of pleasure passed over his face. "When I think," he said, "of what my wife once passed through, and the condition she is in to-day, I cannot but feel gratitude. Nearly three years ago she was at the point of death. You can understand how sick she was when I say she was totally blind and lay in a state of unconsciousness. Three doctors attended her and all agreed that her death was only a question of hours, perhaps minutes."

"May I ask what the doctors called her trouble?"

"Uremia and puerperal convulsions, so you can imagine how badly she must have been. At last one doctor it was Dr. R. A. Gunn said that she was unable to swallow one more attempt might be made and a medicine was accordingly given her, she seemed to improve at once, but a few days her sight was restored. I have had a long, long sleep," she said, upon recovering consciousness, and I am rejoiced to say that she was restored to perfect health wholly through the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy we administered when she was past all conscious-ness."

I looked at Mr. Evans as he said this. His face was beaming with satisfaction. He continued:

"The physicians told us, after my wife's recovery, that she could never endure child-birth, and that she would have to be kept in bed, and do not know what sick-ness is. I attribute it all to the wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure. Why, my sister, who resides in Virginia, was, while ago, afflicted precisely as my wife had been. I once advised her to use this medicine, and she cured her trouble promptly."

"You find that it is specially adapted for women, do you not?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said, "I know it to be wonderful in its power in the case of gentlemen to whom I have recommended it. I speak from my experience entirely, and you should not be surprised that I am so firm a believer in this discovery, which has done so much for me."

I was very surprised. I saw by every word, by every look, that Mr. Evans meant all he said. I had ample confirmation of Dr. Gunn's words and inference, and I do not wonder that people who have such things, who have watched their dearest friends go down into the dark valley and be brought back into the light, should be both enthusiastic and grateful. I myself, caught the spirit, and I shall be glad if the investigations I now make prove of profit to those who may read them.

Friendship.

Friendship is one of the greatest boons that life can have. As Bacon says, "It redoubles joys and cutteth grief in halves." He who cherishes brotherhood is united with it at its richest. It is a richer result; for then it has a world of memories and early associations in common—the mutual love of the same honored parents, the recollections of the same beloved home and past scenes vividly impressed on the minds of both, in which no other friend, however dear, can possibly share.—Farm and Fireside.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and if not treated early, the hearing is lost forever; and this tube restored to its normal condition, the hearing is not destroyed forever; and cases of long time are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by our Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

W. L. CHASE & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Etc.

A LITTLE Boston girl complains because she can't find anything about the dates of the ANNUAL.

A WIDELY-considered—the salary of the side show fat lady.—Washington Star.

Some boys' fishing excursions turn to waiting on their return home.

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The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week. The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Green" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, and then the name of the word, and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

There is always better fishing on the other side of the river.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," but it is not always wise to say that word to one who is suffering the torments of a headache. However, always, risk it and recommend Headache-All-Druggists, 30c.

Boys may now indulge in base bowl without being mean or babyish.

You can't hurt an armless man, because he can't feel anything.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROATS, etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial Trochee," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

BERNHART'S PILLS are a painless and effective remedy for all bilious disorders. 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists.

The proper thing for a jury is to be firm, but not fixed.

THE Ram's Horn is published at Indianapolis, Indiana, at \$1.50 per year.

A TRAMP will beat a railroad, but not a carpet.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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DR. HARTER'S ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC

It will build blood, revitalize the system, and give you the strength and energy of youth. It is the only true iron tonic. It is the only true iron tonic. It is the only true iron tonic.

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are sold at this office at 10 cents a dozen, and the best pencil in town, at 5c apiece.